

## Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, 1876, with transcript

(Mabel Hubbard) Letter from Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell to Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Siasconset. Sunday. (1876) My dear Alec:

Thank you very much for your letter from Cambridge. It has been such a long time reaching me. I wonder if it has been as long before you heard from me. Thank you for the copy of your specification. Do you want it sent on to you or shall I keep it until we meet.

Lightning and thunder around and under us. Such queer thunder, just as I finished my last sentence I looked up wondering what was being rolled in, such a queer way shaking the house. We have had little else save thunder-storms since my arrival. The storm I spoke to you of was really terrible. I was thoroughly frightened at it for the first time in my life. The worst, there it is again, flashes then were after midnight and Carrie and I crept very close to each other and Cousin Sam had long since half dressed and come upstairs where Cousin Mary was frightened half out of her life. This storm is nothing compared to that, is most over now. It was only that the thunder was so queer, not loud but joggly.

To return to your letter. What a time you had with the policeman and rough. It certainly is to be hoped no one recognized you. A professor of the Boston University fighting a rough. What a long calendar of robberies your letter was. I felt as if reading an extract from the police records. I think it funny you seem to have 2 already set out "to have adventures" in good earnest. I am so sorry your headache continued so long, but hope it is well now. You must be at home now. I am very glad and hope you found your friends well. I hope they don't think your engagement to an American has spoilt you.

I have read over your specification and think I can understand it very well. It seems very clear and to the point so far as my humble judgement goes. You will tell me all about your

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work will you not? I can always understand your writings though that of others is usually very hard. I have not attacked Tyndall yet, having felt too lazy to do anything, but wish to work.

The bathing yesterday was splendid. Mrs. Lander was there and seemed to enjoy herself. Mr. Flagg tumbled over Carrie and held her down under the rope. Poor man, he is so anxious to help but is always getting us into trouble. Cousin Mary and I went over last night to call on Mrs. Lander and finding her out went over to the Flaggs thinking she might be there, but they had all gone to the lighthouse.

It is cold and chilly today. It is strange to think of the Boston heat.

What do you think, Cousin Mary says the way I wear my hair, by your tyrannical degree, makes me look like a milkmaid! How I wished you were there to hear her say so. And Carrie wants her sister to "make me take down my hair" You see that in spite of my eighteen years and engagement I am as much under Cousin Mary's rule as a child of ten. But she shall never take me from you nor does she try.

Carrie is trying very hard to talk naturally to me. You 3 remember her, what awful faces she makes. You would laugh to see how preternaturally solemn her face now grows, as with rigid lips she begins a conversation with me, usually broken by explosions of laughter.

Here I am crossing. Goodbye with love to you and all.

Lovingly, Mabel.